The Leopard Boy

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The Leopard Boy

by marynn_kokoelma

Summary

One very special encounter in the wood may change your life forever and so discover Will.

The night of the incident the moon was high in the sky and fully round. Will was walking the dogs on the forest near Wolf Trap, he had trouble sleeping once again. He was a bit better walking outside than turning endlessly in his bed covered in sweat. He had not eared a thing but he had seen the dogs stopping straight in their tracks, one paw in the air and sniffing the area. At first, he had not done anything, it was something they were doing from time to time, often before chasing some squirrel. But then he saw his mistake, the position was not one for attack but for defence. Then he eared the muffle growl, the dogs had run away soon after, leaving Will alone. He had no weapons with him, and if this thing was able to scare his dogs it was definitely not good.

He had not had time to mode before a huge mass of white fur landed on his chest pushing him flat on the ground. It was huge and unknown. The creature growl once more tooth in front of Will's face. But before he had time to worried over his life, the creature flattened laying down on him far less menacing than seconds ago. Will tried to slowly move to pull out of the mass, but it was dense. He froze seeing that the movement of his hand had made the beast focus on it, all ears flatten and pupil bigger and rounder. He did not knew if it was good or not. He tried to grab a small branch and throwing it away, maybe the beast will play and run after it leaving him time to run away. Unfortunately for him, the interest of the beast was fully focused on the hand, and yes it jumped away from his torso but to land on his hand all claw and tooth out. It was probably only playing, Will was quite sure of it, but the beast was big and so was the tooth. The pain made him faint, convinced to have lost his hand.

He woke up alone in the wood, faint memories of what at append before, Winston near him. He straightened up and looked at his hand in choc. They were no traces of the attack him hand was as good as new. He could not have dream what append, maybe he was sleep walking again. He pushed down the idea that once again he was losing his mind and never spoke about the incident to anyone.

A month later he had been blocked at Hannibal's place due to a strong snowing that had led to an interdiction to take the road. He was sleeping in the guest room on the first floor, blinds open because he could not find how to shut it. The moon light had woken him, he was feeling too hot under the blanket. He tried to escape it but his hand could not grab it, his hands were not hands anymore but more like big fluffy paws. He let a distressed sound escape his lips and it sounded like a meowing. He was having a bad dream… A very bad one.

Probably alerted by the sounds, Hannibal was standing in the door-frame: "Will is that you?", he was sounding surprised. Will tried to answer but once more only a meow resonated in the room. "How did you ended up as a Snow Leopard? Only you could do that."

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